

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

May 21st, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS:

For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 3.57 and 7.45 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.40 and 3.57 p. m.
 For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 3.57 and 7.50 p. m.
 For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.
 For Auburn at 5.10 a. m.
 For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00, 3.57 and 7.50 p. m.
 The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m. and 7.55 p. m. trains have through cars for New York.
 The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 2.00 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m.
 For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m.
 For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m. 3.40, and 7.30 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.30 p. m.
 Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.55 p. m.
 And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.
 Leave Auburn at 12 noon.
 Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.
 The 2.30 a. m. train from Allentown and the 4.10 a. m. train from Reading do not run on Mondays.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m. and 9.05 p. m.
 *Via Morris and Exeter Road.
 J. E. WOOLLEN, Gen. Manager.
 C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.

Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily " Sunday
 Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday
 Atlantic Express, 9.48 a. m., flag—daily.

WEST.

Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 2.45 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 p. m., (Flag)—daily, except Sunday.
 Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag).
 Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 13 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 minutes slower than New York time.

J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

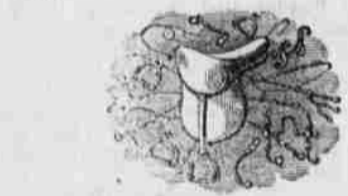
EASTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m.
 Johnstown Ex. 12.32 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mail 7.30 p. m., daily.
 Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily.
 Mail, 2.00 p. m., daily except Sunday.
 Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m.
 Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m.
 WM. C. KING Agent.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

Saddlery Shop

in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture

HARNESS OF ALL KINDS,

Saddles, Bridles, Collars, and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

99. FINE HARNESS a specialty.

REPAIRING done on short notice and at reasonable prices.

99. HIDES taken in exchange for work.

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.
 Bloomfield, January 9, 1877.

KINGSFORD'S Oswego Starch

Is the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL in the World.

Is perfectly PURE—free from acids and other foreign substances that hurt the Linen.

Is STRONGER than any other—requiring much less quantity in using.

Is UNIFORM—stiffens and finishes work always the same.

Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch

Is the most delicious of all preparations for Puddings, Blanc-Mange, Cake, Etc.

PATENTS.

Fee Reduced. Entire Cost \$55.

Patent Office Fee \$35 in advance, balance \$20 within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold.

J. VANCE LEWIS & CO., Washington, D. C.

19-3m

500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a

GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled

"THE ILLUSTRATED LORD'S PRAYER." Agents

are meeting with great success.

For particulars, address

H. M. CRIDER, Publisher,

48 ly York, Pa.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his

Leather and Harness Store

from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a.

Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

REDUCED PRICES.

Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good

workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash

prices, I fear no competition.

Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and

Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a con-

tinuance of the same.

P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made

a specialty.

JOS. M. HAWLEY.

Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—14

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given,

that letters of administration on the estate

of John Kunkle late of Marysville Borough, Perry

county Penn'a. deceased, have been granted to

the undersigned in the same place.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested

to make immediate payment and those having

claims to present them duly authenticated for set-

tlement.

JOHN KALER, Administrator.

June 12, 1877.*

THE PRETTY WAITER GIRL.

THE FIRST place we remember to

have noticed her was at Dan Trosie's Franklin House, Chambersburg, Pa., when General Patterson's column occupied that pretty town in the spring 1861. She was merely one of the helps about the house—waited on the tables, made herself generally useful, and during the long pleasant evening flirted outrageously with the new-fledged Union officers, young in years and experience. She was evidently got up for the waiter-girl business, for truth compels us to say that at the first she looked as little fitted to her position as possible. She was a tall brunette, with a pleasant expression and a decidedly prepossessing lady-like manner, and her clothes fitted her in a way that made her look like a countess beside the exuberant Franklin girls, profuse alike in form and raiment. She was not at all prudish, and had strings to her bow ranging all over the gamut, from a second lieutenant to a colonel; but they only appeared to get a certain distance into her good graces, when the affair came to a sudden termination with the male party looking very foolish if the name of Lizzie Anderson was mentioned. Patterson's column moved to Hagerstown, and Lizzie was in the dining-room at Yengling's Washington House when the first officer got there to dinner. Of course I was glad to see her, and remarked:

"Hullo, Lizzie! I thought you were at Chambersburg."

"Oh, no," and she showed her pretty white teeth pleasantly. "I have come down here to work. Your moving away threw me out of a place, and I had to follow."

"Oh!—ah!—yes—very true. Get me another piece of chicken, will you?" and the officer thought no more about it except to reflect that he was glad she was there to wait on him.

At the Washington House Mary Lamb first saw Lizzie, and figured her up to Royce Cludham with the slightly supercilious remark:

"Very gorgeous style of hand-maiden they got up here."

"Yes; I saw her yesterday at the Franklin, in Chambersburg."

"An itinerant young lady, probably."

"Doubtless."

Then the column moved to Williamsport, and Mary Lamb told John Eusinger, of the Potomac Hotel that if he couldn't afford water in his guests' rooms, he had better turn his house into a saw-mill. He said she should have a pumpful right away, and in five minutes Lizzie appeared with it.

"You seem to have left Hagerstown and Chambersburg," etc., said Mary.

"Apparently."

"Army attachment?"

"Oh, no; I have to work for a living, and go where it is to be had."

"Then your military attachment is entirely financial, and your patriotism speculative," pursued Mary, with her mouth full of pins.

"I don't understand you, but I expect it is."

"Ah! what charming naïveté."

"The which, Miss?"

"No, thank you, nothing else," and Lizzie demurely departed. Then Mary

Lamb turned and looked at the door which closed after her as though it was a particular difficult sum in arithmetic

further along in the book than she had ciphered. A few days more passed. The

battle of the Falling Waters was added to the history, and Patterson's column

occupied Martinsburg. Royce Cludham

secured a couple of rooms at John Mac-

cabee's Union House and hunted up Mary.

"I've got good quarters for you Mary, at the Union House. You'll be com-

fortable I know, for that pretty waiter-

girl is there who attended to you at Ha-

gerstown and Williamsport."

"Well, that young woman must be

remarkably sudden in her movements.

We haven't been here four hours our-

selves. How did she get here? Keeps

a private balloon probably."

"Haven't the slightest idea. You'll

have to ask her how she locomotes, if

you want to know."

Mary Lamb had been at the Union House two or three days, when one

morning she heard Mrs. Macabee jaw-

ing as only an irate landlady of the war

times could jaw. The new girl had gone

off yesterday after supper to see some

other girl, and hadn't come back, and

her help was wanted, and she was bad,

mean, good for nothing, and generally

to be condemned in consequence. She

didn't turn up until the second morning

after, when she came in with her head

tied up, and looking as though she had

not slept for a week. She said she had

taken sick and stayed with her friend,

whose name she gave, and the landlady

said she would see about such carryings-

on; then told her to go to work, and in

an hour forgot all about it. All these

things Mary Lamb noticed, and her

sum in arithmetic grew more compli-

cated.

"Royce," she said, "I'd give seven

dollars if you were a right good-looking

young fellow—a lady-killer, in fact."

"Why such a supererogatory wish? Who do you want killed?"

"Nobody; but I'd just like somebody to get that girl sweet enough on them to find out who she is."

"She's Lizzie Anderson I s'pose. At least so she gives herself out."

"She is no more Lizzie Anderson than she is a servant-girl."

"Do you think not?"

"The servant-girl of the period don't whistle airs from 'Fra Diavolo' and swear softly to herself in French and high German."

"I'm not much up in the ethics of servantism, but I should suppose they didn't—at least not to any alarming extent."

"Well, this girl does."

"She shouldn't do it. Wouldn't you be doing her a kindness to talk to her a little? Give her a tract about profane swearing, or any other kind of swearing—in fact, do something for her."

"Yes—oh yes; I'll do something for her with the greatest pleasure in life if she ain't considerably sharper than I take her to be."

From that time forward Miss Lamb devoted her time and talents to watching Miss Lizzie's movements. If the girl went only ten yards from the house she was shadowed, and if she went further she was watched with more vigilance. Patience won its reward. Mary

found that the girl every second evening paid a visit of two hours' duration to a house on one of the back streets of Martinsburg, near the old jail. Inquiry disclosed nothing unusual about the house. The inmates claimed to be strong Union people, and had made the acquaintance of Miss Anderson by accident, and she came there because she knew no one else in the place. The affair was allowed to drop, and Miss Lamb, giving out that she was going home to Pennsylvania, left the hotel. That night got up as a small vagabond boy, she loafed about until Miss Anderson entered the house in question. Then she sat down and waited, concealed behind the garden fence of a neighboring house. She saw no more of the girl, but in fifteen minutes a stout-looking boy, in rough summer clothes and a wide-rimmed slouch hat, came out with a small basket and walked down street toward the Opaquan Creek, whistling. Mary Lamb thought that whistling was a little familiar, and followed it. The boy ahead walked down to the creek, stopped his whistling, and after looking around, cautiously got over the fence into the meadows, and walked down the creek's bank. After about two hundred yards he came to a picket, gave the countersign, and passed on.

The other boy did the same thing, leaving the guard wondering if all the boys in Martinsburg had the countersign. With careful dodging and watching Mary followed the objectionable boy down to the meadows through a narrow piece of woodland and had the pleasure to see her enter a small log-house on the edge of the ensuing clear land. Working noiselessly up to this cabin to find it closed and dark she listened carefully but there was not a sound. In about five minutes the boy came out, looked

carelessly around, and sauntered off toward town again, swinging his basket, evidently empty. This time Miss Lamb did not follow. She lay still concealed by the high weeds and poke bushes, occasionally wondering why a snake did not crawl up her trowsers leg. Hour after hour she waited with becoming patience, and just as she was beginning to feel drowsy she heard the quick patter of a horse's feet. The rider dismounted about twenty yards from the cabin tied his horse, and went inside. In a moment he came out again with a small bundle in his hand, evidently papers, which he hastily concealed under his coat, buttoned it up, and cantered away. Then Mary Lamb shook her stiffened limbs and wended her way back to Martinsburg, astonishing the sleepy picket by coming along with the countersign just when the daylight was beginning to streak the east.

That day a careful examination of the old cabin was made. It was found simply to be lonely, uninhabited, and nothing more. The following afternoon Mary Lamb concealed herself in the cabin loft, while Jerome Cludham and Royce Cludham picked themselves out convenient hiding places among the rank vegetation outside, and a cavalry sergeant was carefully instructed where to post his ten dismounted men handy in the woods. When evening came all were on the watch. There was enough starlight to render objects visible at short distances. The boy with a basket appeared about half an hour after sunset. He entered the cabin, and setting down his basket, proceeded to pull up a stone of the dilapidated hearth. Then Miss Lamb over his head spoke.

"Lizzie Anderson, if you move a muscle I'll blow your head off!" and the boy

didn't move.

"Stand perfectly still," added Mary.

"It's all right."

Then Cludham and Cludham came in and secured her.

"Have you anything to say?" asked Royce.

"Nothing at all." And they took her out and turned her over to the sergeant, who sent a couple of men to headquarters with her at once. Then the party got into their positions again and waited for the man. It was three o'clock in the morning when he came. He tied his horse as before, and entered the cabin. He was no sooner inside than one of the cavalymen had the horse. As he was about to stoop by the hearth the voice overhead remarked:

"If you move a muscle you are a dead man!"

But he didn't heed. Springing through the door, he cocked his revolver as he went, and fired on the first man he saw, which was Cludham. He made for his horse, with bullets flying all around him. When he saw it was gone he leaped over the low fence, to be struck three times before he touched the ground. The cavalymen and Cludham made a rush on him as he fell. But it was useless; he was quiet. They took the body into the cabin, struck a light and searched it, to find nothing at all that would tell his name or business. Near the hearth sat the little basket Lizzie Anderson had brought. It contained late copies of the Philadelphia and New York papers, and lengthy written details of the latest movements in Patterson's column, with carefully calculated surmises of probable movements in the future, in an envelope by itself was the countersign of that night and a rude drawing of the picket line. Next day in accordance with the orders from headquarters the stranger was buried quietly in the woods where he fell.

Every means short of actual torture was brought to bear on the girl, Lizzie Anderson to induce her to tell from whom she had obtained her information and the countersign, but the efforts were useless. Her only answer was:

"I come of a Southern family that never betrays its friends, right or wrong. I will never tell anything."

And she didn't. She was held a close prisoner until the command reached Harper's Ferry, where, in the confusion of Patterson's leaving and Banks' taking charge, one morning Lizzie Anderson turned up missing, and Mary Lamb mourned her departure.

"I think it's a downright shame, so I do. I had all the trouble of catching that particular sharp young woman, and then to think they had to let her run away afterwards in one of my best dresses."

Saved By His Daughter.

THE daughter of a rector, residing in a quiet English village, was on the eve of marriage. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighborhood. That night, Adelaide, who had occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, etc.

She was, consequently, still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. Housebreakers were mere myths in that place. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

"You are come," she said in a whisper, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied, suddenly, "if you give up to us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love gifts, remarking at the same time that two other ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative; he wasn't going to run all risk and leave the tin behind. She proposed instantly to go herself, saying:

"I will bring you what you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play you false."

The fellow consulted his comrades, and

after a short parley they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch keys and desk, she gave them up to the robbers who stood in the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader said they should be when they got the plate spread out below, and they couldn't let her out of sight, and she must go with them.

In compliance with this mandate she followed them down stairs to the dining room where a splendid wedding breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow.

To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number—when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out some wine, and to cut her own wedding cake for them; and then, seated at the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but the leader, approaching her, told her they did not wish to harm her—but she must swear not to give the alarm till nine or ten in the next day when they should be off all safe. To this she was obliged to assent and they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed, during the parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, and in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, stole up to her room, undressed and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was more astonishing than the fact of the robbery itself.

Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying, and swearing to the "three-fingered Jack," being the guiding clue to the discovery.